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THE
Brethrens Answer
IN
L O N D O N
TO
Mr. Fergusons Letter.

Beloved in the Laird,----

W Ith a great deal of grief, and fellow-feeling, we received your Lamentable Epistle, and as you were pleas'd to make us partakers of the News of the Persecution, and heavy affliction, wherewith you are afflicted; so we desire you to sympathize with us, when you read the following lines. Truly our Case is likewise very desperate, and our Condition, Deplorable (if it were possible) with Tears of blood, we must needs to the shame, and Confusion of your face, acknowledge, that you were the only mouth of the Cause—and the greatest, and chiefest Instrument in Carrying on the precious work of a further, and more thorough-Reformation. Indeed you were the main Wheel, that mov'd in the late mysterious Engine, and by your Indefatigable paines, and Industry in Contriveing, and managing so great, and glorious a Designe, that it was in a manner brought, within sight of the promis'd Land; but woo, and alas to you and us, we are neither of us permitted to Enter into it, it was all blasted in the very minute, and we are all certainly inform'd that nothing but *Woes and Curses*, and *Judgements*, fiery and Indignations are to be pour'd out upon us if we go on, and persevere in such horrid, and Rebellious Practices: there is a Notable, and thundering Text against us, *Curse not the King, no not in thy Bed-Chamber, for the birds of the Air shall Carry the thought; and that which hath Wings shall tell the matter*; and therefore it is no wonder we are so unhappily prevented, since the Little birds not only tell tales, but discover the most secret thoughts and Intentions of the Heart. As for your Spirit of Prophecy, that your write us, is enter'd into you, we do so far beleive it, that all our Plots and designs are in vain and to no purpose, unless to our own destruction, and that the thoughts of our hearts, and the works of our hands shall Not meet their design'd Ends, viz. to Establish the good old *Covenant and Association*, the old high Court of Justice, and a Complying Parliament, that would thoroughly mind their own, and the Interest of the Bretheren; Indeed had this took Effect, we had been richer in goods, than in Grace, and should have replenish'd our selves with the Jewels and the Earrings of those *Egyptians* that so tyrannously and persecutingly Lord it over us—but on the contrary they Now spoile us, and distrain our Goods, for the violation of the Laws—but garnt,—that it had pleas'd our Infernal Master, (whose work we do, and whose wages we shall assuredly receive) to have lengthen'd the thread of *Seignior Potapshis* life, yet he would never have continu'd to Suckle and Replenish us, with the Tap of Sedition, and Rebellion, for he has gone on too much in that Work already; but We Say—had he liv'd, yet the stroock of Justice would have over taken him, and he would have received a fit recompence of his Reward, the Axe and Scaffold.

And this put me in mind to Advertise you of the Resolution and Courage, with which the four Martyrs, embraced their Destinys, but especially the Lord *Russel*, who by the Assistance of the Reverend Doctor *Boord*, Acted his last part
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more like some *Mutius Scaevola*, or *Guido Faux*—than a sneaking Penitent Tray-
tor—his Lordships Ghost (if reports be true) was lately seen near the fatal
Place, of his Execution, and had like to been kill'd over again, by a midnight-
Magistrate, for not Vanishing in due Season, but I suppose neither the afore-
mention'd Doctors hand, nor head was concern'd in this, if it had, it would ne-
ver have wandred at so unseasonable a Minute, or have met with so severe a
Bastinado, Indeed the good Lord at his death approv'd himself in some measure
like *Sampson in killing more at his death than in his life*, for we are really inform'd
he made use of white Powder, which the Doctor furnish'd him with, which does
a world of Execution without the least Noise, his Speech was as Murdering as *Bo-
raskies* Blunderbuss, tho it made little or no report at all; Indeed the Doctor is
an Excellent Composer, and has done this misterious Business to a Tittle, very
ingeniously, and with a great deal of Caution, but we know (to our Grievs)
Murder will out, and such sort of Knavery cannot be long concealed, tho the
greatest care Imaginable be taken to secure it, I may say of him as was said of the
Men of *Benjamin*, that he flings a Stone to an hairs Breadth, but he has the fate
of Left-handed-men to be very Unfortunate, but however the Intention was very
good, and Pious, he did it no doubt for the Promotion of the good Cause, and
and the carrying on the Work of the *Laird* successfully in the three Nations—and
therefore in our Opinion, he deserves all possible Laud and Commendation,
and a large Gratuity out of the stock of the *Bretheren*—

But as for your Dear, and Intimate friend Sr. *Patience*, we have nothing, but
expected to hear some News from him ere now, but in this too, we are disap-
pointed, and know not what to do for three or four swindging Evidences when
therest of the Trials come on, 'tis true he did good Service, in his Generation,
and (as you say) ventur'd his Soul for his Friend, but dares not venture his
Neck for the good Old Cause.—

As for *M*,—*G*—, and *A*—I suppose they breath the same Air with you, and we much
wonder that you did not more in large on that Subject, if my Lady *G*— be
likewise in *Terra in cognita*, I hope *M*—is not in so bad a Condition, as you seem
to represent him, for he has, no doubt, still the same Spiritual stroakings, inward
Comforts and Consolations that he had before, But, Woe be unto *G*—if he
has not the constant Supply of a kind Sister to support him in his Misery—as
for *A*—hee is no doubt like *Hanibal* in the *Alps*, will either make or find a way
if there be no Stews, or Brothels ready-made, he is the best Founder in the
World, for the old Trade cannot be forgot; It Would be endless to recount all
our miserys, and the several Afflictions, the distressed Saints are exercised with,
but we shall hasten to a Conclusion, with some few words of Use and Application.

1. Then since, the Holy Plot, is so unexpectedly disapointed, we may see what
Fools and Idiots these men are, that put any trust or Confidence in lying Vani-
tys, or any work of their own hands, others were design'd to be our Sacrifices,
but the Rod is fallen on our own Backs, and we must all hang in the Air, be-
tween Heaven and Hell. *Erasmus the seventh and the eighth.*

2 From the Constant and Resolute behaviour of the Lord *Russel*, you and
all of us may learn this Profitable Lesson (*viz.*) to do likewise, since Death is cer-
tain, what need you care when it comes, since your Fate is written in your fore-
heads. *Count Tekely the seventh and the eighth.*

3. Let us advise you to have *Patience*, under your Sufferings, considering that the
Laws are above you, and that it will be very Vain and Foolish for an Infant to
strive against a Man of War, bear up like a Courageous Souldier in the Cause,
and your Lot be to Dye for it, Dye like a true Protestant Martyr with a Lye in
your Mouth.

Consider, and seriously Ponder, what we have now written unto you, and
when any thing of moment Intervenes, pray make us acquainted with it, who
remain in all brotherly Love and Affection, your despised, persecuted Fellow-
Sufferers.

London, the last year of Whig-
gisme, and the middle of the
Month of Sorrow.